*Boult.* To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes i'th hams?

*Baud.* Who, *Mounſier Verolles*?

*Boult.* I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the ſunne.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

*Baud.* Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willinly, deſpice, profit where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers ſildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

*Mar.* I vnderſtand you not.

*Boult.* O take her home miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

*Mari.* Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant

*Boult.* Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

*Baud.* Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

*Boult.* I may ſo.

*Baud.* Who ſhould deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

*Baud. Boult* ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſojourner we haue, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framed this peece, ſhe ment thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, & thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

*Boult.* I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

*Baud*



*Baud.* Come your waies, f

*Mari.* If fiers be hot, kaiue

Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot

*Diana* aide my purpoſe.

*Baud.* What haue we to d

*vs.*

*Enter Cleon*

*Dion.* Why are you fooli

*Cleon.* O *Dionizia*, ſuch a

The ſunne and Moone nere l

*Dion.* I thinke you'l turne

*Cleon.* Were I chiefe L

giue it to vndo the deed. O

tue, yet a Princeſſe to equall

the iuſtice of compare, O vill

ſoned too, if thou hadſt dr

becomming well thy face,

*Pericles* ſhall demand his ch

*Dion.* That ſhe is dead. N

nor euen to preſerue, ſhe did

it, vnleſſe you pray the Innoc

out ſhe dyde by foule play.

*Cleon.* O go too, well, w

uens, the Gods do like this w

*Dionzia.* Be one of thoſe

*Tharſus* will flie hence, and

thinke of what a Noble ſtr

ſpirit.

*Cleon.* To ſuch proceedi

added, though not his who

nourable courſes.

*Dionzia.* Be it ſo then,

ſhe came dead, nor none ca

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